



REAL FACES

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART AT PHILIP MORRIS

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COVER

Birney Ines

*Deacon Robertson, Lowndes County,
Mississippi, 1982*

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REAL FACES

Max Kozloff

Still portraiture is one cultural index of how people are schooled to regard themselves, and this is a good reason to ask what is currently happening in that index. Let's say that a portrait photograph is designed to indicate something particular about a person or persons. Visual details would operate as clues to what could be said—or plausibly guessed—about the situation of the subject. The people who posed could be enacting certain social types, or playing work roles, so that their performance broadly overlaid a deeper sense of who they were. Until recently, such performance, when it showed, was understood to be a form of status assertion, engagement with the portraitist, or a psychic overture, perceived as an aspect of conduct to which the photograph gave priority. In whatever way the sitter appeared as a member of a social group, one knew that he or she had behavioral singularities and emotional reserves that the picture *type* itself had not called upon. There was no conflict between what was displayed for the portrait occasion and what little could be intuited beyond the display. The two existed side by side as stated and unstated complements of each other. Viewers could grasp the whole of the characterization without being troubled by the awareness that it would only be partial. "We never touch," says Emerson, "but at points." Nowadays, however, the most publicized portraiture shocks us out of that stable acceptance of the way part relates to implied whole and performance to being.

As many portraits have lately shown, playacting has gained such dominance, at the expense of the player, that it seems utterly quaint and useless to wonder about who the person portrayed was or is. For the sitter's pictorial

guise has absorbed into itself all of the merely idiosyncratic possibilities of a character—has sucked them away into a bright or a sullen grimace. If the viewer is led to anything, it could only be to that which has replaced personality.

Criticism has insisted that the media are to be held responsible for this eerie state of affairs, and criticism, here, is right. "To imagine ourselves in fiction, recent portraits argue, is no longer to imagine ourselves in literary but in visual culture." This is Ben Lifson, from his catalogue essay for a show called "Faces Photographed, Contemporary Camera Images," which took place at the Grey Art Gallery of New York University in 1982. Some of the artists included were Peter Hujar, Robert Mapplethorpe, Cindy Sherman, and Bruce Weber. Lifson had been talking about the degree to which the photographic portrait studio had ceased being understood as a metaphor for a stage and was now grasped as a setting emergent from magazines, television, films. He implied that the creatures depicted in the flattened space of these media could maneuver there only as shallow images; there were no backs to them, and they had no bottoms. In a literary zone, though this would take time to perceive, there would be room for psychological development and the acknowledgment of certain individual causes for the effects of character. The photographs, in contrast, were caught up in their instant visual styles and conventions, givens that imposed a depersonalized volatility on the portrait display.

In 1987, introducing an exhibition called "Portrayals" at the International Center of Photography, New York, Carol Squiers

professed to be agog at the hero of the hour: Max Headroom—a fictive TV reporter who had been brought back from a moribund state, via computer-generated image, to function as a sparkling, manically disjointed talk show host. Squiers took this personage to be emblematic of our uneasiness about human authenticity—its public failure to maintain itself during the era of Reagan: “in this intriguing, otherworldly and frightening lack of full personhood Max affirms the contemporary plight—that the wholly manufactured persona, even if it is truncated, is the only one that is interesting, noteworthy, attractive, amusing. . . . All else slips into random categories of sloppy imperfection and human foible, the gray areas of . . . individual psychology.” The more contemporary audiences sense their own grayness in contact with the semi-human media image of the person, the more these audiences can’t help depreciating and diminishing themselves. If it were to be in the slightest degree questioned, that image might appear grotesque.

On TV, for instance, we daily watch an actor called an “anchorperson” conversing with an interviewee on a second screen who appears twice life-size, so irrationally magnified that it baffles us why the one never acknowledges the monstrosity of the other. In such scenes, we suspect that the reflexes of the cast are entirely managed affairs, maintained by lip sync, head-phone, and teleprompter, or dialed in by unseen agents. Almost as if in response to such ventriloquism, the “Portrayals” show at ICP was, in fact, an anti-portrait exhibition. Squiers writes that “the portrait itself has disappeared, giving way to effigies, icons, clones and simulations that are rooted in . . . fear and social control.” Insofar as they locate that control in the malignant smiles of the media, the photographers recoil from them and are phobic about any hint of cheer. Let Clegg and Guttman, who were represented in “Portrayals,” typify the newer work. They set forth images of inert, sour, robotic figures, well-clothed, lost in the obscurity of ill-described rooms. One came away from the show feeling that as far as its one-time ideal to probe into the psychology of its sitters is concerned, artistic portrait photography had recently suffered a blow to the head and was now a pitiable amnesiac.

As for the portraiture that makes its way outside the gallery system and the art world, when we hear of its authors in the big media, it purveys the usual celebrities—arrestingly, ex-

pensively replete with pseudo-judgments meant to titillate the mass public. The older generation of portrait moguls—Irving Penn, Arnold Newman, and Richard Avedon—has left its mark on a newer one, which pursues more promiscuous goals. Since the photographic impulse, in both cases, stems mostly from the fashion industry, it has an expositional problem to solve when it deals with full-fledged notables in their own world. Fashion photography naturally places any regard for people far lower on its illustrative agenda than the highlighting of objects and the graphic design of the pictorial field. Often, then, in celebrity portraiture one senses a conflict between subject and photographer over the psychological trademark of the scenario. With a genial violence, both parties conspire to outflank each other in a sensationalistic environment. The sitter, however, must yield to the directive photographer in the construction of a fantasy meant to provide dividends for the continuance of both their careers in fame. With the portrait campaigns of Annie Leibovitz and Helmut Newton, above all, this symbiotic compact has demonstrated its market value by introducing a voyeuristic note into the portrait genre. One has one’s choice of a life-style of the rich and famous—made insouciant by Leibovitz, or lubricious and kinky by Newton.

The images in the present show are just as contemporary, and are more challenging, but they reflect none of these developments. The alternatives they present could only have been realized without guidance from the successful portrait modes, and through a modesty of tone. “Real Faces,” in this case, means human faces that are looked at and attended to in a frank attempt to take their measure. As they express a psychological curiosity, it does not occur to the photographers to place themselves above or beneath the social status of their subjects—and this absence of presumption makes for freshness of contact and transparency of effect. The distancing of the formal or informal pose is acknowledged and quite often minimized. The ethnic or racial or material “otherness” of the scene, relative to the photographer, is taken note of, and then the portrait business is transacted forthwith. Portrait photographers enter, or find themselves in, distinct milieus, and carry on there with no more authority than their credentials as people. But that is precisely how they consider their subjects, so that



Judith Joy Ross

Untitled, from the series *Portraits at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial*, Washington, D.C., 1983–84



Judith Joy Ross
Untitled, from the series *Eurana Park, Weatherly, PA*, 1982



Judith Joy Ross
Untitled, from the series *Eurana Park, Weatherly, PA*, 1982

there's a kind of unpremeditated peerage between the seer and the seen. For the moment, the success of the portrait hangs on the thread of that understanding.

Judith Ross, who lives in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, came to public notice quite recently in a small group show at The Museum of Modern Art. Her section of it consisted of visitors and mourners at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C., 1983–84. Such a locale is quite obviously public ground. People from many walks of life go there in observance of a historic and national trauma, signified by an inventory of the engraved names of thousands of killed soldiers. What we see in Ross' photographs is the product of time taken out from that visit, and yet the gravity of the event still resonates in faces. The young man with the crew cut and the hooded boy, his mouth open, know themselves to be portrayed, a knowledge reflected in their stance before the tripod camera, but their minds are not al-

together centered and alerted to the fact—and Ross slips into their reflection. She had asked them to hold still for a little bit. What they could not have known was the way the camera lens makes everything about them go out of focus and how the light pastorally modulates their faces and figures in space. Ross' rendering in that light acts as a landscape vision of human physiognomies. Above all, the immersion of these physiognomies in limpid tonalities is what counts, expressively. Their exposure to the open air becomes them no less than the elegiac circumstance that has taken hold of them. Each picture makes us sensitive to the effect these things have upon each other . . . as a created moment of perception.

The same applies to Ross' portraits of young campers at Eurana Park, Weatherly, Pennsylvania, a series from 1982. Once again, human figures are asserted as the only solid presences in melted surroundings. That they stand out but are not pictorially detached from their



Birney Ines
Rock and Willie, Lowndes County, Mississippi, 1982

moist, wooded setting is due to the hazy light, which bathes them in its dapples. On first glance, the terms of encounter look as unstressed as in family snapshots, an impression furthered by the simplest of framing and the most straightforward, perfunctory poses. Yet Ross' gold-toned studio proofs are anything but casual. All knobby knees and legs, these vernacular, pubescent American kids, some with a little baby fat, are curiously sober and prepossessing. They had been approached in off moments during structured, rural, summertime playfulness, but it is actually the ambiguous stage in their lives, when they are still uninformed and partly self-conscious, yet also

shrewd, that is held in the mind. They had been invited to pause in their leisure, and it is as if sometime during that pause an older person buds forth from the child. Both the scene at the monument and the episodes at camp, while they are well frequented, are also porous and diffuse, made of a shifting populace. These are gathering places, but not real communities, or at least not permanent ones, and so these faces cannot be said to have grown with or to belong to the places where they were found. Ross seems to work at a slant from the situation of her subjects, with an awareness of their only transient occasion and rare presence in her viewfinder. The visitors will



Birney Imes
Smokey's Friend, Marks, Mississippi, 1983

go home and resume their lives. As for the campers, it is as if Atget had been there, on Parents' Day.

Birney Imes, on the contrary, has taken his camera right into certain baptisms, gospel meetings, country bars, general stores, road-houses, and rap sessions among long-standing black communities in such places as Lowndes County, Mississippi. The people there seem to know each other well, are often cronylike, and are rounded off by chat that one can almost imagine hearing. Imes' presence is implicitly thrust in; he sinks down, level to seated knees, or somehow zigzags amid social pockets, half contained or cut by the picture frame, evi-

dently in the hope of touching his subjects at many points. A few of the people pay him no mind, but others are on to his game, live coals in rough interiors. This young white man, from Columbia, Mississippi, has been allowed in at very close social quarters to his subjects, where he behaves energetically, ruffling some of the proceedings as he moves, "misfiring," as someone laughs or dances blurrily past the figures on which he's zeroing in. But it is the whole of what he shows at any one time that is intended, and if partial commotion disturbs the view, it also deepens the self-containment and introspection of the nominal sitters. Imes' farm-hands, parishioners, or families are on their



Birney Innes
Deacon Robertson, Lowndes County, Mississippi, 1982

own ground, but this inwardness, which veers away from things, keeps these photos from being anecdotal or reportorial. Be it a burial or a pool game, the photographer wedges the circumstances open and discovers that there are ripened, characterful people there, as well as a narrative. The effort has been to maintain both of these descriptive possibilities, and in that unresolved process discover a community sense of springiness, hilarity, and sorrow.

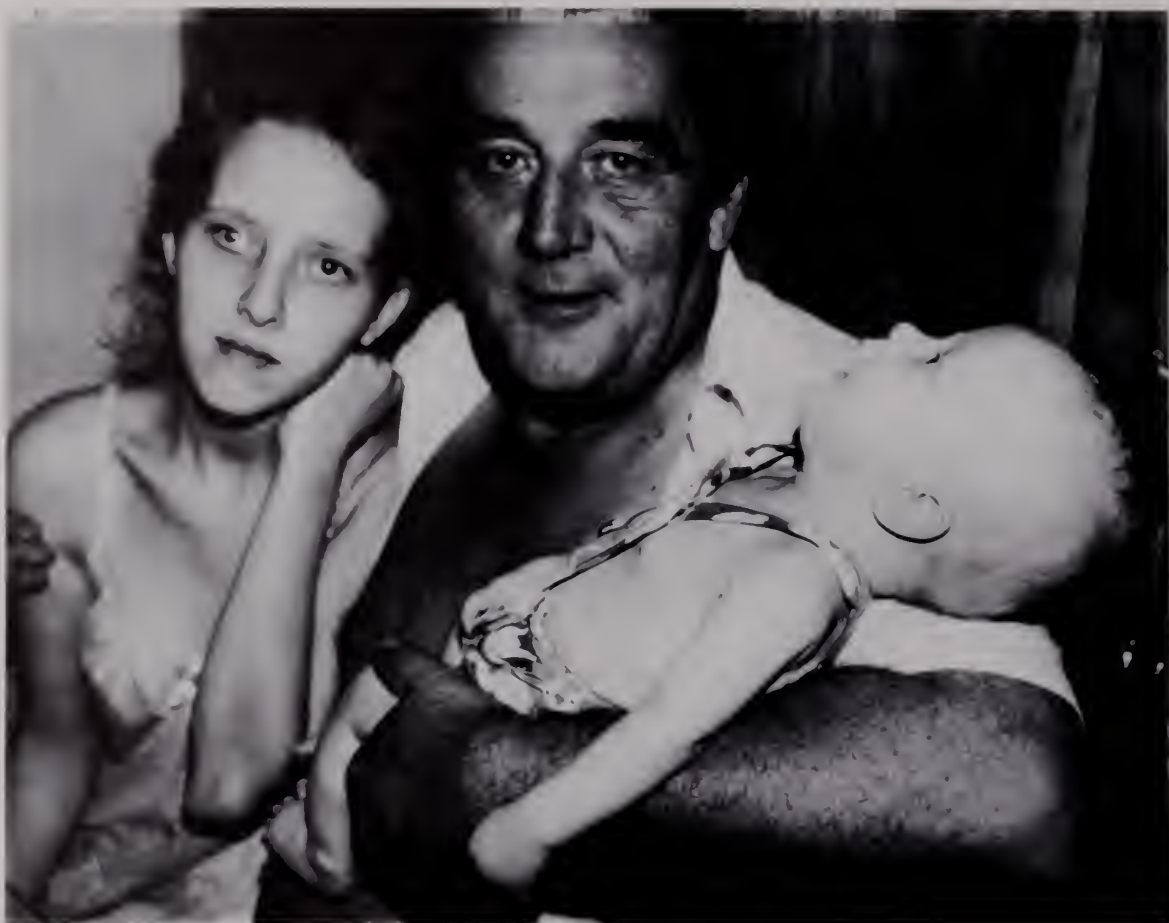
There can be few modern portraits where a stomach seems to bespeak the person so fully as it does Innes' *Deacon Robertson, Lowndes County, Mississippi* (1982), but Bill Burke's *Reverend William Beegle, Bellaire, Ohio* (1979)

is one of them. It's impossible to decide whether the memorable hauteur of the man is enhanced or subsumed by his great, flannelled, T-shirted belly, hanging low. Many of Burke's portraits appear to be the products of an unlikely chemistry. "I wanted to make pictures in a place where I didn't know the rules, where I'd be off balance." He was speaking of Southeast Asia—Thailand and Cambodia, where he'd been a few years ago and where he wants to return—but it could have been of backwoods Kentucky, the site of many of the Polaroids included here. (A survey officially sponsored by the Kentucky Bicentennial Documentary Photography Project.) One can decode



Bill Burke

Reverend William Beegle, Bellaire, Ohio, 1979



Bill Burke
Family, Kermit, West Virginia, 1979

Burke's statement as follows: too much ease in the portrait protocol means too much acceptance of the psychological moment, which therefore leads to a blandness of picturing. How often does one feel, by contrast, the tension and the strange edge in this work, where the parties to the image are implied as at some kind of social angle to each other, freely acknowledged as such. Because he was off-limits, in a manner of speaking, and outnumbered, this Bostonian needed to be ultra-alert. But he found that his hesitancy in soliciting posing time from flawed or ground-down people turned out to be more his problem than theirs. Having no choice but to yield the territorial advantage, the outsider Burke learned that something like the equivalent of it was returned to him in his subjects' sense of the attention he was paying them. Andy Grundberg has written: "Burke's subjects look at the camera differently than urbanites, more naively and more expectantly"; if so, it is a naiveté that equalizes them both in the

precariousness of their exchange. Unlike Diane Arbus, Burke is never on top of what he sees—battered and abrupt as are the faces there—and he never jabs at the reflexes of his audience. Somewhere, midway between him and his subjects, a luminous copyright is jointly established.

If his sitters speak volumes for unkind experience, they do so not only as individuals, but in the context of a historical era. Drawn to areas of agrarian poverty and unemployment where violence brews, Burke depicts the penalties of all these conditions, marked in faces. He does it in a way that lacks rhetoric but has an awkward precision. Material lawdriness is concisely noted as an accompaniment of social stagnation, the collapse of American promise deep within the recesses of its own Third World. But this physical lowering has a past, extending backward into the Depression when, for example, the booth pictured in the Koffee Kup Restaurant (Carrollton, Kentucky) might have originally been built.



Bill Burke
Couple in the Koffee Kup Restaurant, Carrollton, Kentucky, 1975



Nan Goldin
Colette with Fan, Provincetown, Mass., 1979

It is remarkable how few eighties artifacts crop up, not only in Burke's but in Innes' and Ross' pictures as well: not much more than a Budweiser snaptop, or a Timex with Speidel band, and for the rest, remnants with which the folks in Walker Evans' FSA photographs of the thirties would feel at home. These current portraitists, in fact, are of Evans' line. They look back and have been tempered by him, as were Nicholas Nixon, Lee Friedlander, and Robert Frank. He schooled them all by the discretion with which he examined those who had been stranded or cast away or deeply misused by hegemonic progress. By "discretion" is meant the explicit insight that people are *not* defined by role-playing or material circumstances, and that the portrait attitude must stop well short of pretending that they are—so as to let personality breathe beyond the visual limits of the frame and the diplomacy of the moment. As we perceive that Evans' subjects are not meant to be completed by his description, they gain in psychic fullness.

The crucial fact that such breadth was underscored by pathos was not lost upon Evans' successors, for it showed them a way out of the rhetorical impasses, either those criticiz-

ing or typifying the media, that have deadened contemporary portraiture. Being alive to the mood of the country now, the photographers could only have sensed in it a moral loss and civil decline, and they have given us a range of unsorted faces that are variously afflicted by, and seem to meditate on, this state of affairs. In a curious way, this is portraiture as lament. Burke, who confesses to having failed his draft physical (during the Vietnam War) "with some effort," is haunted by the need to return on his own to the desolate aftermath of U.S. intervention in Asia, and to record its power imprint on individuals removed from us in space and experience. And what is the implied effect of Ross' foray at the Veterans Memorial if not of another such attempt to circle back to that unhealed wound of the national consciousness?

The work of Nan Goldin also leads off from a retrospective vision, though this time into personal bereavement. While her New York subjects are among her most intimate friends, she shows them as carriers of woe and as casualties of desire. They are mostly opened out, abandoned with a sad, heated euphoria, matrixed in the nomadic life they share with the photographer. The subject of *Colette with*



Nan Goldin

Bobby A. on Pool Table, Tin Pan Alley, N.Y.C., 1981



Nan Goldin
Suzanne Crying, N.Y.C., 1986

Fan, Provincetown, Mass. (1979) is a transsexual, "now dead, killed in her apartment in Boston by people who broke in." *Bobby A. on Pool Table*, Tin Pan Alley, N.Y.C. (1981) "slept with his eyes open, moved to Kansas City later on, killed in a shoot-out in a parking lot of a club where he was the bouncer." (From notes Goldin supplied to the author.)

Although much of this reads like a memoir of the undone and defeated, culled from her ongoing "Ballad of Sexual Dependency" (several hundred diaristic slides dating from the mid-seventies on), the photographer herself sees it as a positive record. The lives therein are dedicated to freedom, no matter how expensive. From a purely genre point of view, the extremely close psychic range of the pictures is a correlate of that freedom, for it often demonstrates a fluidity of raw contact before any hint of performance rises up to intervene in and conclude the portrait. *Suzanne Crying*, N.Y.C. (1986), writes Goldin, "is the friend who once said being photographed by me is as much an aspect of living as drinking coffee or any other daily action together." A social compact has been signed far earlier than the flash is set off, and the fact of it

makes even the looser canons of photographic portraiture, such as that of Goldin's one-time teacher Bill Burke, seem more constrained than they are taken to be.

At the same time, Goldin's are narrative portraits, soaked with verbal text and personal reminiscence. It is a paradox that these daringly unprocessed (and sometimes offhand) visualizations are among the most literary of recent practice. They testify to a thoroughgoing impatience with the bourgeois idea of privacy, and they therefore bear down upon us with a pronounced indiscretion, unlike the other portraits here. Even so, this is only to say that Goldin has proceeded further, toward intimacy of disclosure and penetration, on a road that the other artists have traveled too. For surely, the aim has been to get closer to people, and to see, in an always limited fashion, how it is with them. It is an aim profoundly indifferent to the dissociated glitter of the publicity portrait and its mockery in the art galleries. In the ground gained by the exploration of "real faces," subjects are shown and viewers are enabled to maneuver with an enlarged view of the American historical experience, one whose depth both can recognize.

Works in the Exhibition

The works in this exhibition were selected by
Max Kozloff, Guest Curator.

Dimensions are in inches; height precedes width.

Bill Burke (b. 1943)

*Couple in the Koffee Kup Restaurant, Carrollton,
Kentucky, 1975*

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
20 × 16

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

Fiddlin' Bill Livers, Owen County, Kentucky, 1975

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
20 × 16

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

*Man with dog in tobacco field, Warren County,
Kentucky, 1975*

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
16 × 20

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

*Larkie Barker and Geraldine, Sandy Hook,
Kentucky, 1976*

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
16 × 20

Collection of the artist

*Coal-mining brothers, Hopkins County, Kentucky,
1977*

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
16 × 20

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

Church mothers, Jolo, West Virginia, 1979

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
16 × 20

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

*Consumptive Christian woman with pleated skirt,
Jolo, West Virginia, 1979*

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
20 × 16

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

Couple in a bar, Atlantic City, New Jersey, 1979

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
20 × 16

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

Family, Kermit, West Virginia, 1979

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
16 × 20

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

*Reverend Robert Elkins and niece, Church in Jesus
Name, Jolo, West Virginia, 1979*

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
20 × 16

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

Reverend William Beegle, Bellaire, Ohio, 1979

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
20 × 16

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

*Snakehandler, Dewey Chapin, Jolo, West Virginia,
1979*

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
20 × 16

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

Man on check floor, Olinda, Brazil, 1980

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
20 × 16

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

*Mother and child with family portraits, Canao
Quebrada, Brazil, 1981*

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
20 × 16

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

*Dom Uva, West End Gym, Roslindale,
Massachusetts, 1985*

Black-and-white print from Polaroid negative,
20 × 16

Staley-Wise Gallery, New York

Nan Goldin (b. 1953)

Sisters—Kim & Robin, Boston, Mass., 1978

Cibachrome print, 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 15 $\frac{3}{4}$

Collection of the artist

Colette with Fan, Provincetown, Mass., 1979

Cibachrome print, 16 × 20

Collection of the artist

Mark Mahoney, Lexington, Mass., 1979

Cibachrome print, 16 × 20

Collection of the artist

Suzanne in Kilt on Barbizon Hotel Bed, N.Y.C., 1980

Cibachrome print, 20 × 16

Collection of the artist

Bobby A. on Pool Table, Tin Pan Alley, N.Y.C., 1981

Cibachrome print, 20 × 16

Collection of the artist

Bobby on Our Blanket in My Loft, N.Y.C., 1981

Cibachrome print, 16 × 20

Collection of the artist

Brian on Our Bed, New Year's Day, 1982
Cibachrome print, 20 × 16
Collection of the artist

David A. on My Couch, N.Y.C., 1983
Cibachrome print, 16 × 20
Collection of the artist

Joy at John's Birthday Party, N.Y.C., 1984
Cibachrome print, 20 × 16
Collection of the artist

Nicki from Berlin at Three Roses Bar, N.Y.C., 1984
Cibachrome print, 16 × 20
Collection of the artist

*Suzanne on Our Bed in Squatted House,
West Berlin*, 1984
Cibachrome print, 20 × 16
Collection of the artist

Greer at Einsteins, N.Y.C., 1985
Cibachrome print, 20 × 16
Collection of the artist

Cookie in Hawaii 5-O Bathroom, N.Y.C., 1986
Cibachrome print, 16 × 20
Collection of the artist

Edwige Tending Bar, Evelyn's, N.Y.C., 1986
Cibachrome print, 16 × 20
Collection of the artist

Jane Dickson, Night Before Giving Birth to Joe,
N.Y.C., 1986
Cibachrome print, 16 × 20
Collection of the artist

Suzanne Crying, N.Y.C., 1986
Cibachrome print, 16 × 20
Collection of the artist

Birney Imes (b. 1951)

Baptism, Crawford, Mississippi, 1979
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Oaklimb Baptism, Crawford, Mississippi, 1979
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Big Joe's Birthday, Crawford, Mississippi, 1980
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Booga Bottom Store, Bolivar County, Mississippi,
1982
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Deacon Robertson, Lowndes County, Mississippi,
1982
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Rock and Willie, Lowndes County, Mississippi, 1982
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Sugarhill, Crawford, Mississippi, 1982
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Walter Brown and Joe Savage, Greenville,
Mississippi, 1982
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Woman and Fan, Estill, Mississippi, 1982
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Ida and Henry, Arcola, Mississippi, 1983
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Pink Pony Café, Darling, Mississippi, 1983
Color coupler print, 13½ × 17
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Playboy Club #2, Lawise, Mississippi, 1983
Color coupler print, 13½ × 17
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Poochie, Marks, Mississippi, 1983
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Smokey's Friend, Marks, Mississippi, 1983
Gelatin-silver print, 9 × 9
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Turner's Grill, Clarksdale, Mississippi, 1983
Color coupler print, 13½ × 17
Robert Burge/Twentieth Century Photographs,
Ltd., New York

Judith Joy Ross (b. 1946)

Untitled, from the series *Eurana Park, Weatherly*,
PA, 1982

Gold-toned studio proof, 10 × 8

Collection of the artist

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PA, 1982

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PA, 1982

Gold-toned studio proof, 8 × 10

Collection of the artist

Untitled, from the series *Portraits at the Vietnam*
Veterans Memorial, Washington, D.C., 1983–84

Gold-toned studio proof, 10 × 8

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Collection of the artist

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